

## Gob "Nothing New"

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another dollar fifty  
another ride on the bus  
the seat left alone is still warm  
the person next to me talks to me as if he knows me  
but thats ok, I dont mind  
I look out the window  
while he talks on I do the usual

try to figure out what these people do  
some seem so plain  
in their own solitude  
some seem so lonesome, lost, depressed, and true  
its all inside of you

all your life for something new  
wandering and waiting  
but it all seems to turn in circles  
to change you  
finding and learning

nothing's new  
all you need is something to guide you  
nothing stimulates  
no inspiration  
I try to figure out what these people do

in their own solitude  
some seem so plain  
its all inside of you(x4)  
some seem so lonesome, lost, depressed, and true  
in their own solitude  
some seem so plain

its all inside of you(x6some seem so lonesome, lost,  
depressed, and true

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